REPORT OF THE ASTORIA, OREGON ANGORA'S HIKING CLUB TRIP TO TOP OF MT. ST. HELENS, WASH.

By August Hildebrand, Historian

This trip really started at the Chief Guide John Berry's home at 134 West Commercial Street, Astoria Oregon, Thursday evening at eight P. M., June 26th, 1924. All those who had signed up for the trip had been invited to come at that time and place to get instruction regarding the trip.

We were told that the time of departure would be Sunday morning, 5 A. M., July 6th, 1924, and that the place of assembly would be the Hildebrand & Company's store, at 469 Commercial street—that enough food was to be taken along (to contain such articles as rice, chocolate etc.) for four days; and that the usual high altitude and camping equipment such as warm woolen underwear, extra underwear and woolen sox, snow goggles, face paint, gloves, sleeping bags or tents etc., was in particular to be taken along. The club was to provide the Alpine sticks for the trip, also an ice axe and climbing rope.

It was decided we were to travel by auto stage Sunday to Spirit Lake, Washington; camp on the Lake Sunday night as base camp, and enjoy the water and surroundings Monday. Monday afternoon we were to travel toward the mountain and go into snow line camp Monday night; to start Tuesday at 2 A. M. for the summit, and come back the same day to the Base camp at the Lake—and start Wednesday about 8 A. M. for home, arriving in Astoria that evening.

At the conclusion of instructions and a general talk a treat was in store for all of us. This was in the form of an impromptu banquet given through the generosity of the veteran guide and his estimable parents. This was very much appreciated and started the comradeship of the hikers and added greatly to the spirit of the trip.

Promptly on Sunday morning everyone was on hand. The weather was promising. Mr. Smith, the auto man had taken his wife and his two boys along, making a company of fourteen all told, ten having signed up for the trip. Away we went, baggage and all, piled high on a truck without a top or cover. It was thought at the time that an open auto would expose us to the elements in case of storm, rain etc. This was correct, but we afterwards found out that it would not have been wise to have left the top on, for as we went into the mountains the underbrush and trees, after we left the main roads, would have ripped the top off.

Our direction was toward the East over the famous Columbia River Highway which was in itself a treat. Our first stopping place was Bradley Park, lying at an elevation of about 900 feet, overlooking the majestic Columbia, about 30 miles from Astoria. Below us we could see the cities of Wauna and Westport, and across the River the city of Cathlamet, Washington with the Washington hills in the background. Mt. Rainier, which is usually visible from here, we could not see in the distance on account of obstructing clouds.

Below us the Columbia River stretched out in two parts, embracing a body of land called Puget Island. This island is a community in itself. It has no direct connection with the mainland except by boat, is about six miles long and about one and one-half miles wide. It is fertile and supports now about 300 inhabitants or settlers and could support many more if proper facilities connecting it with the mainland could be had. A bridge is contemplated and it is hoped that some day this dream will be a reality.

On the Columbia, away below us, one could notice ocean steamers and small water craft, fish launches etc., plying their way about.

Bradley Park is yet in the making. Through the generosity of the heirs of Elemar Bradley and Fred W. Bradley, enough land was donated to form about a twenty acre park. It is named in honor of its donors. A marble slab in the shape of a park bench tells this story. There is a store, an oil station and rest houses with camping facilities there. All in all a well selected place for a park which will serve to preserve the name of Bradley as public spirited citizens. Back of Bradley Park lies Mount Nicoli one of the major Coast mountain peaks, on which it is contemplated in the near future to lay out, blaze and build a trail from this Park to the top of this mountain.

After resting and indulging in the ever-present ice cream cones, we traveled down the famous Widby Loops, which are a winding highway construction, enabling one to get down from a 900 foot elevation to River level. This is accomplished by a series of snake like windings that brings one within a comparatively short distance to the lower level, over an easy grade. At one place, looking down, the road bed can be seen at four different altitudes.

Past Wauna and Westport, we made our next stopping place the thriving little city of Clatskanie. Here some of us had a belated breakfast, and some a second. This city is about 40 miles from Astoria.

Another drive of about 15 miles through Beaver Creek Valley, passing Beaver Creek Falls, brought us to the city of Rainier. Rainier lies at the foot of a large hill which we had to descend in our travels; this overlooks the Columbia below, as does Bradley Park Crest. It gives a splendid view of the adjacent country. One may see from here the new and thriving city of Longview across the river, also the city of Kelso, famed as the smelt fishing center of the Columbia River.

Longview is the marvel mushroom city of the United States' Northwest. Its nucleus of activity is the mammoth sawmills of the Long-Bell Company a southern company which is invading the famous Northwest timber belt in its scope of exploitations.

Arriving at Rainier we went straight to the ferry landing, and after purchasing a ticket, only $1.50 for the entire company and truck, we went on the ferry. A ride of about a mile down stream brought us to the opposite shore. While on the ferry, a reasonably large boat, driven by Diesel engines, one of the officers of the concern meditated "Well, if you folks had crossed on the ferry from Astoria to McGowan, it would have cost you $4.50, and here you are getting across the river for $1.50." The Historian ventured the reply, that a semi-ocean trip of eight miles and a river trip of one mile was a vast difference. A difference if counting the contrast of distance, plus the saving of gasoline and wear and tear on the auto, plus the sensation of an ocean voyage, plus medical benefits of an ocean breeze etc., etc., would give to the Astoria-McGowan Ferry the advantage by long odds. The illuminated countenance of the officer gave indications of the point driven home. Score one for Astoria!!

The ferry system operated by this same Long-Bell company, consists of two well built new ferry boats of about 30 autos capacity, each, operated practically all the time. It is very reasonable in its charges, very efficient in its operation and leaves nothing to be desired so far as its accommodations and courteous service are concerned.

By this time we had chalked on the sides of our auto the legend "Angora Hiking Club of Astoria, Oregon, To the Top of Mt. St. Helens, or Bust." This of course gave to the world our intention and attracted some notice.

Arriving on the opposite bank of the Columbia, we passed the mammoth Long-Bell sawmills to our right and soon were passing through the marvelous new city of Longview. This city deserves special mention on account of its newness, its growth, its substantial construction, its perfection, and its vast possibilities. Here is a city built in the then wilderness of two years ago. It has vast cement boulevards and streets, vast substantial sewer, water and lighting systems, and a substantial and very pretentious hotel and other community houses. It has brick and cement business blocks. It gives out an air of youth and prosperity and bespeaks for itself a great future. It has progressed well from the very start and certainly its founders and conceivers are to be congratulated for the enterprising and daring spirit they have shown in instituting such a vast undertaking. It reminds one of the laying out and designing of the streets, parks and buildings of Washington, D. C. years before it was built—and we have here all this, in a few years, growing before our very eyes. We felt like Alice traveling in Wonderland. Sure this city has a wonderful future and let all of us Astorians wish it God Speed and good luck. It will do its share in developing the as yet dormant, yet beautiful Northwest.

We passed through the city of Kelso, a neighboring city, to Longview. This is an ancient settlement, which, not to be outdone by the new Longview, is striving its best to put on new airs and clothes so to speak, and is succeeding very well. A substantial new bridge across the Cowlitz River—the famous smelt river of the world, connects the two cities, and they make a good unit.

The distance from Rainier to Kelso is about 5 miles. From here the Long-Bell company is constructing a substantial logging railroad to the North, tapping the upper Elochoman and Grays River Valleys, and the Weyerhauser Timber company is building a railroad into the timber belt to the Northwest.

Traveling through Kelso we wended our way to the left and after a drive of 10 miles over the Portland-Seattle Highway, we came to the city of Castle Rock. This also is an old settlement. The only improvements noted were on account of the Highway, which no doubt was responsible for new garage buildings, filling stations and restaurants. Here we had our noon luncheon at a restaurant and while eating, we were surprised by our club members Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hustwick, who were on their way to British Columbia via auto, a trip which they had planned on before the announcement of our trip. On this account they were unable to accompany us, much to our regret. Charles is a good scout—and Mrs. H. is a good hiker and a cheerful camp companion.

We left in a northerly direction but soon turned east from the highway, and traveling over a good macadam road, up hill, found ourselves in the Pumice Rock district. After traveling several miles we got our first glimpse of Mount St. Helens, our objective point.

The mountain had lost its bright, dazzling whiteness and looked grey from below with patches of white only near the summit. All snow capped mountains look the same way from a close-up view. It is the distance and certain reflections of the sunlight which gives it its whiteness.

About seven miles travel brought us past Silver Lake postoffice to the right and Silver Lake itself to the left. The road went steadily up hill and was very rough in places. Here we met and passed a straggling party of the Trails Club of Portland in autos returning from an ascent of the mountain. They reported a successful but hard climb, time consumed ten and one-half hours, weather bitterly cold, direction of the ascent from the northeast. They stated that many crevasses were encountered necessitating many detours and ice stepping labor, and on account of much up hill and rough road work, some of their autos had experienced a shortage of gasoline.

Some miles further we actually met Mr. Carl Mortenson of the Trails Club with a stalled car on account of lack of gasoline. Although we had provided a supposedly plentiful supply, by now we had grave doubts as to our own supply holding out on account of the awful up hill work. So we could not help out our friend Carl with anything except our sympathy.

During the time we traveled over the Puncheon road, when all hands had to get out of the truck to help the burden and to direct the coming autos to pass us on account of the narrow, difficult and rough road, the female part of our company espied a deer near the road. This was heralded as an unusual event and that beautiful animal was in the minds of those that saw it nearly the entire trip.

Presently we came to what is called St. Helens Postoffice. This is just a mountain ranch or a farm hanging on a hill side and is the last postoffice in this mountain district. We called for the Forest Ranger's mail and took it along.

The timber we passed through was of varying size. In fact after we left the main highway it was practically all timberland we passed through, some logged off and others in all stages of growth from fine, stately and tall trees to small and stunted. The road narrowed considerably and after traveling over more rough road we came to a sort of an entrance that bore a sign stating: "U. S. COLUMBIA NATIONAL FOREST RESERVE." From here mile posts showed us that we were continually getting nearer to Spirit Lake, our objective.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening, we espied a body of water ahead. The road became so very narrow the truck had to squeeze its way through the trees and every once in a while took the bark off of some.

We soon pitched camp. Some had small hiking tents and some spread their sleeping bags and some simply spread their blankets on the ground. We started a camp fire and soon enjoyed our first camp supper. Everyone felt in fine spirits.

A sign nearby told us that the elevation was 3200 feet. This is just 100 feet lower than the top of Saddle Mountain of the Coast range. We had a visit from the Forest Ranger to whom we delivered the mail brought from the Postoffice, and he aided us materially and made us feel comfortable, at ease, and welcome. We all retired early and a star lit night made us all enjoy our first night's sleep. The air was bracing, but not cold.

Early the next morning we all took a stroll through the woods and shore of the Lake. Several houses were near, one belonging to the Forest Ranger, one apparently to someone living there—and the Y. M. C. A. camp house. The Y. M. C. A. boys from Portland were camping at this place, and the youngsters, about 70 in all, were just at breakfast, and seemed to be in good spirits, and were no doubt enjoying their mountain vacation. They were under the leadership of J. C. Meehan, director, H. D. Huggins, medical director, Joe Mulligan, governor, Wm. Clark, lieut. governor, Frank Mittauer, judge, Donald Eva, sheriff and George Whiteside, prosecuting attorney. The camp was called "Y. M. C. A. Spirit Lake Camp." The boys arrived June 23rd, and will leave August 31st. The son of our fellow Angora, Walter Stokes was amongst the youngsters and was glad to visit with his father. The camp grounds were in perfect order and surely ideal for an outing of this kind.

The shores of the Lake were of a gradual slant and were ideal for bathing, boating and fishing. Nice high trees made the place shady, cozy and attractive. The lake is about one mile wide and three miles long.

The camping place, that is, on the south shore of the lake, is almost perfectly level. On the opposite shore the hills or rather mountains rise abruptly. All of the hills are covered with green timber composed of fir, cedar, spruce, hemlock, balsom and a few leafed trees, aspen etc., also pine trees with their long needles, the mixture contrasting pleasingly in color.

Someone suggested a boat ride and the idea was heralded with delight. We hired three boats from one of the houses and rowed, all 14 of us out to the opposite side of the lake. This was some picnic. The water of the lake gave no evidence of any glacier water entering it. Glacier water is always muddy and discolored from the washings of the earth and rubbing of glacier bowlders over rocks and bowlders, but this lake water was very clear, of a greenish-blue shade. While the shores are gently slopping, it is said that the center is very deep.

The camp is located on the south side of the mountain and St. Helens cannot be seen from there on account of the dense timber. However, just a little from the shore and the mountain rose as if out of the ground. The farther we rowed the higher stood the mountain, making a beautiful background to the lake, the camp houses and the green trees. The mountain, of course, showing its white snow covering, contrasted with it all. It was an enchanting sight; green-blue water, green trees shading camp houses, grey lower part of the mounain rising out of the earth, its top white with glistening snow reflected by the morning sun; white fleecy clouds playing around the mountain top, and above all a perfect, blue sky! Besides all this, Walter Stokes gave a few selections from William Tell on his flute, and the harmony of the notes glided over the waters, mingling with the silences of nature.

Walter Stokes deserves special mention. His flute, at camp, and on different occasions on the way gives the whole a musical touch that lingers long and pleasantly in memory.

About eleven o'clock we returned to camp and prepared the noon day meal.

In different seasons and at different times certain flowers are at their best, but this time they were of not any too great an abundance. However the flaming Indian paint brush and the blue and white Arctic Lupine were in evidence, besides numerous smaller flowers.

Instructions had been given for the auto truck to take us about two and one-half miles farther on toward the mountain, and it was supposed that after this we were to travel about the same distance on foot. Packs were all ready for this arrangement when it was found that the gasoline tank of the truck contained only 4 inches of gasoline whereas 8 inches were necessary to carry us from this point back to the first gasoline station. This left the matter of using the truck entirely out of the question excepting on the return trip. We shouldered our heavy packs the entire five miles and of course hiked it up an winding road, directly back of the camp.

Gradually up hill we went, through medium sized timber that gave us shelter from the mid-day sun. In course of time a welcome sign told us that it was but one more mile to the base of the mountain. This mile went through small timber, mostly pine trees and scrubby bushes. Now came some of the hard part of our trip. Over ash and cinder fields intermingled with large rocks and bowlders and gulches cut into this substance by glaicer water from glaciers above. This water was very muddy on accout of washing through the ashes, sand, pumice stone and rock cinders. We had to travel up and across some of these gulches, the water of which rushed down in cataracts and falls.

The appearance of the ravines or gulches was not any too inviting. It looked like a river tearing through a desert, taking sand and all with it. It was difficult traveling across this loose formation of the soil. Over the trails traveled by us there were imprints of deer feet, giving evidence that game was abundant.

The Chief Guide in course of time announced that we had arrived at our camping place, a site which looked somewhat dismal. In fact, it felt as though we had arrived in the bad lands of Montana or some other state. No trees near and no water in sight, except the madly rushing glacier streams in the distance, with only here and there some small willow bushes about two feet high, and some sparce green grass; mountain above us and snow near us.

In our mind we questioned the wisdom of selecting such a place and even asked where wood and water were to come from. History was to repeat itself; Moses beheld a flaming bush; he also hit a rock with his cane, and water gushed forth etc. I must admit I had Moses in mind leading the children of Israel through the desert to the Promised Land.

After divesting ourselves of our pack, the chief guide proceeded to pull out of every willow bush some dried, dead twigs. It seems that the frost kills the willows every winter, and new shoots start up every spring again from the roots. At any rate, this is the way I can explain the presence of dry twigs in every bush. Some well versed botanist may explain it better. Enough dry twigs were gathered for a good bright fire and enough were left to cook the morning meal. Tolerably clear and clean water was procured by simply digging in these gulches near some snow banks, which banks are sometimes covered with earth. A pool was formed into which the snow water gathered.

One of the first questions raised while in camp was to name this location. After many suggestions it was finally settled that the most appropriate name would be "CAMP ROCK AND RILLS"—this sounded to us all somewhat elevating and patriotic. Elevating it was, being pretty well up on the side of the mountain about 5000 feet high—and the rills were there too. They came in handy to place the sleeping bags in and so afforded fine shelter from the winds. These rills were formed by the water

running down the side of the mountain and were now dry—of course. The rocks we used as pillows and to prop ourselves up so we would not roll down the mountain side, should we happen to have bad dreams and move in our sleep!

From this camp we had Spirit Lake immediately front of and below us, and Mount Rainier in the distance back of the Lake to the North and of course, Mt. St. Helens towering above us.

In due course of time calks were put into our boots and shoes. In some cases they were put on horse-shoeing fashion, that is, the calks were put on the shoes while the person as yet had them on his feet. The sight furnished a bit of amusement. Someone espied a large imprint of a shoe sole on the mountain side above us, formed by snow and ice, many hundred feet long and broad. This gave rise to the suggestion that the Mountain has a Soul.

In due course of time, because we were to get up very early, we retired at about 6 o'clock. Some simply wrapped themselves in blankets on the bare ground, and others used their sleeping bags and hiking tents. The air was bracing and refreshing. A stiff wind was blowing from the west, but it later changed and came directly from the mountain top.

When I awoke the next morning I noticed Chief Guide Berry and Rear Guide Johnson busy with the fire which was burning brightly. They were preparing water for the chocolate. It was as yet dark, it being only one o'clock A. M. The sky was bright with stars.

I greeted Johnson with a "Good Morning" and said "The Gods were with us last night, it did not rain."

"Yes, and so were the coyotes with us, did you hear them howl", was his rejoinder. It took some time for my brains to change from the thought of Gods and angels to coyotes. However, all this brought a response from the female members of the party, who by this time popped their heads out of their sleeping bags. They admitted they had heard the coyotes alright, and were glad that the fire had been started to frighten them away. Some even suggested the noises had issued from mountain lions. The Historian confessed that he did not hear anything or anybody and was glad that his slumbers had not been disturbed. A remark was volunteered that the Historian took the place of a good watch dog, and while his snoring kept the whole party awake, it also kept whatever wild creatures were lurking around the camp at a safe distance!! This may be so for all I know, and the statement will never be disputed!

The air was fresh, and not excessively cold and dry. There had fallen no dew. It was agreed to start as early as possible. We had to find our things by camp fire light and search lights. After a light and hasty breakfast we were ready by about 2 o'clock to make the start. With the aid of a few flashlights we wended our way straight up the mountain to pick up the trail we had noticed the day before. This trail led up at a slant toward the west. The mountain towered above us to the left. We all traveled light carrying only enough food for one meal.

Soon we had to descend into a Canyon or ravine, the head of which was a glacier, that is, the ice commenced to form farther up. The end of this glacier was a broken jungle of ice blocks and rocks out of which the water rushed. There was not as much water in this Canyon now as we had noticed the day before from a distance; on account of the increased cold during the night.

This Canyon was a dismal looking one. We traveled down the slope to the bed, crossed the flowing water and traveled up the bed toward the glacier; passing en route two small waterfalls of about 20 to 30 feet high each. These waterfalls and canyon would have been considered pretty were it not for the fact that not a green spear of grass, bush or tree was visible. The water simply rushed through a mixture of light grey ashes and darker grey rocks. The water washes these ashes and rocks down the moutain side and becomes simply a torrent of mud.

The traveling was slow, but we were climbing steadily over bowlders and rocks, upward. The bowlders and rocks were not solid and care had to be taken so the person ahead did not imperil the ones after him by starting the rocks to rolling.

Now we encountered the first ice—we had arrived at the ice jamb of the glacier. Climbing was now even more difficult, to get from ashes and rocks through a jumble of ice blocks and bowlders onto a more even ice field or glacier. We managed this part O. K. and soon arrived at a very steep glacier, whose steepness was as a very steep roof. The ice was hard and the only progress we could make was by the Chief Guide chopping steps into this steep incline.

It was getting lighter right along and we now had a chance of looking around without much obstruction of view. The mountain wall was toward the south, and was just a mass of ice intermingled with ribs of rock. Toward the west we could notice the fog or low clouds covering the Coast mountains and could just notice the very tips of the mountains above the clouds; and for about a half hour only, the tips of Saddle Mountain, Sugar Loaf Mountain and the higher Olympics farther north. We did not see them after this any more, excepting the tops of the Olympics, the haze and clouds shutting off the view in this direction almost entirely.

We were by now higher than any of these mountains. Directly back of us to the north was Spirit Lake, nestling in the mountain far below. From where we were it looked like two lakes on account of a projecting land tongue. Back of the lake, rising higher into the air than us, was Mt. Rainier with its massive white bulk, silhouetted against the sky. The sun was as yet behind this mountain.

The higher one ascends, the higher the larger mountains rise above you, until you are as high as they. In this case we were up, by now, about 6000 feet and Mt. Rainier as yet towered 7000 feet above us. Sights and sensations like these are what give mountaineering its thrill. The world and clouds below you. The snow capped mountains above you; and heaven, in a dome shape, with its celestial bodies covering all. Imagination runs riot and yet realities are under your feet.. Towards the east was Mt. Adams towering above us, the very tip of which was just now catching the red glow of the rising sun, as yet hid to our view. As we climbed steadily, and slowly, on account of the slow progress of chopping steps, the stars dimned and it became lighter right along. The valleys below us took on a blue atmospheric hue intermingled with shadows, the distance a more reddish blue; and the mountain tops a golden red. At last the sun in silvery red rays showed itself over the mountain ridges toward the northwest east of Mount Rainer, north of Mount Adams. The sunrise had been a perfect one.

We traveled over ice, east of some rock ridges or rock islands. To the west of these was another glacier but much more broken up with crevasses than the one we were traveling on. This glacier broke itself on a very bowldry rock ridge farther toward the west. This rock ridge stood up well and may be noticed on a clear day from the Columbia River Highway, pointing towards the northwest. The blocks of ice were of the size of houses, and the blocks of rock made weird impressions of power, weight and grandeur.

The rocks solhouetted faces against the sky and ice. One rocky butte especially looking toward the top of the mountain had a forbidding looking countenance. There was a low forehead, a stubby short nose, large lips, and a massive jaw, the ice blocks of the glacier breaking themselves on the throat and breast of this monster. It looked as though ice and rocks were battling for supremacy, with the rocks directed by the power of this super human winning out. This area was quite impassible, looked forbidding and extremely dangerous.

We now put on our snow goggles and painted our faces so as to protect ourselves against the rays of the sun and glare of the ice and snow. The top ridge of the mountain looked within easy distance, but we afterward found out that the distance was deceiving, for it was farther than we guessed.

We soon came to tracks made by members of the Trails club in the ice. They had ascended the mountain from the east; wending their way over this same glacier toward the west. We could notice their zig-zag course over this glacier to avoid the crevasses etc.

It was plainly noticeable that our guide, though seemingly at first to the contrary, had taken the better route. The wind was only moderate, in fact, just fresh enough to be endured—the icy cold reported by the Trails club was lacking. The rays from the sun got in some work by now, and the ice loosened up some. The chopping of the ice was easier and eventually, through the ever increasing heat of the atmosphere, holes could be stamped and kicked into the ice afforded fair fpoting. By this time the slope became even steeper and for safety's sake a rope was used by the Guide and some members of our party.

Myrtle Trogan and Esther Juntii felt the effects of mountain sickness, but to their great credit they battled away and succeeded in overcoming the handicap. Miss Trogan also deserves special mention for her resolution in overcoming timidness. Laverne Shatto also felt the effect of high altitude—it being the first snow cap climb for all three. They surely behaved well. The three veteran climbers, John Berry, Emil Granlund and Charles Johnson were ever on the lookout to offer aid and assistance to the others. Mrs. Granlund and Ami Lagus needed no assistance. Walter Stokes came along like an old war horse. He had been there before. And yours truly, the Historian, why, he managed it fairly well up to then. This comprised the bunch of ten.

All of a sudden someone called out "Look out for bowlders, quick! quick! Move ahead." We all saw a large sized rock coming down the icy slope directly in front of us. It had loosened from one of the crags a thousand or more feet above and came like a jumping jackrabbit directly toward the center of our party. We all moved, but not quick enough. Yours truly jumped sideways ahead, being number eight in line, and the rock struck right behind him in front of Walter Stokes, he being number nine in the rank: and Rear Guide Johnson being number ten. It struck Stokes' Alpine stick and left its mark. Well done! No one was hurt.

By now the rocks loosened by the heat of the sun came bounding down the mountain side like so many hares. It was extremely necessary for us to keep in the middle of the glacier so as to avoid these rock slides, or rather falling rocks. The mountain is so steep that rocks and bowlders do not slide; they simply fall. This phenomena is characteristic of the mountain, and it is therefore more dangerous than other similar mountains of the Cascade range. The Forest Ranger told us afterwards that on account of this hazard the mountain climbing would be prohibited in another week or so from the north side.

After much labor and without other accidents, we worried our way to the top rim at eleven o'clock sharp. From here we could see the ranger's cabin on top. We tried to attract the ranger's attention by shouting and waving, thinking him to be in the cabin, but received no response. No one home.

From the rim to the cabin is an easy slope, and a fifteen minutes walk soon put us on the very summit. From here we could see that the mountain top formed the ancient crater. This crater was entirely filled and gave no signs of containing any heat. In fact, the whole mountain seemed cold! No sulpher smell nor any indication of sulphur was about. The mountain broke off abruptly in all directions. It is said that this was the last crater in eruption in the United States, outside of Mt. Lassen, California, and that some white people had noticed it in action. This must have been about 100 years ago, and the statement is probably correct.

The Ranger's cabin is a rough looking board and timber affair, well-braced to withstand the storms of the seasons. It is about 15 feet square, and has a sort of lookout tower on top. This tower, although not ordinarily needed, is necessary on account of the snow banking all around the cabin most of the year which obstructs the view from the lower windows of the cabin. The snow now was banked six and more feet high to the west and north of the building, the east and south sides, on account the rays of the sun, were bare. In this tower was contained an Osburn range finder for use in locating the exact location of timber fires.

We cooked our chocolate on an oil stove in the cabin and ate our lunch. The cooking was a slow process on account of the altitude. The cabin protected us from the wind that is always blowing on the mountain tops.

We could now see besides Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood and also in the distance farther to the south, Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters and to the northwest we could see the Olympics. The total visibility we could consider as 90 per cent perfect. This is much more than one can ordinarily expect and we considered ourselves lucky.

To the west we noticed a huge column of smoke breaking through the lower strata of haze. We at first thought this was over in the Oregon country, but on our way back found out that it was a fire burning over a three mile area near Silver Lake, back of the city of Castle Rock, Washington, about 45 miles from the mountain. The smoke did not ascend to the height of the mountain.

It was now time to return, and after cleaning up and leaving our excess lunch at the cabin, we arrayed ourselves in front of the cabin to have our pictures taken. Just at this moment two other mountain climbers came in view, young men from Everett, Washington, who had followed our trail up the mountain and had seen us ahead. They had made the trip in about the same time as we had. They helped us in taking the pictures etc., and were invited to help themselves to some of the hot chocolate we had left in the cabin.

Leaving them, we wended our way to the edge of the mountain, and soon found out that we could not use any of the paraphernalia we had taken along to use in sliding down the mountain. The mountain top was too level and the sides entirely too steep to safely try it in even soft snow. The paraphernalia consisting of pieces of oil or rubber clothing and aprons, on which we proposed to sit sliding, we discarded as useless or too dangerous to use.

The Chief Guide pointed out to us three rock ledges or rock islands about 1500 feet below; toward the head of the upper one we should head the best we could, then go to the we t of them and over. We had come up to the east to a ridge over which the telephone line was laid. This gave us the assurance that we were surely on or near the best possible trail of the mountain.

We moved slowly down—it was not wise to go fast! Arriving at the upper end of the uppermost rock island we wended our way partly over and partly between the bowlders, rock, cinders and ashy sand, and at times through the snow, till we arrived at or near the third and last lower ridge. Even then we were as yet quite high up on the mountain.

Here we picked up the excess clothing we had left there in the morning when the sun made the atmosphere warmer. All this time we had to be very careful not to lose our footing, and be ever on the lookout that we did not loosen any rocks to endanger those below us.

Traveling from now on was easier in-so-far as steepness was concerned; also the ground became more sandy, affording a sliding footing which helped the descent. This was the reason that to go up this trail would have been too hard in the morning and too slippery. The path we had followed over the hard ice was the better route.

We wended our way toward the "Soul" of the Mountain, or the ice formed in the shape of a sole we had noticed from below the day before as lying up the mountain quite a distance. This sole was of five or six acres extent, and afforded the only means of sliding. Brother Granlund cut a few fancy cuts in the same—ski fashion. It was steep enough that with ice calks in his boots he managed to cut some fancy curves. At the lower part of this sole, at a point where a bunion would grow, if there was one to grow, there was a fine spring of pure ice water. Here we drank and filled our canteens.

Now we traveled our way down the muddy gulch we had come up in the morning. At this point, another bowlder, loosened by someone behind, came directly toward yours truly. A "Mr. Hildebrand! Oh-eeeee!" exclaimed with a scream brought it to notice. No time to lose! A quick movement of the upper part of the body and the danger was past.

We soon arrived at our mountain side camp and proceeded first of all to wipe the paint and grease from our faces. We ate a little lunch and leisurely packed our camp belongings ready to start for the base camp. We now beheld the spectacle of the two mountaineers we left on top coming down the mountain sides. They came practically over our trail, and we noticed when they reached the ashy part they stirred up quite a bit of dust. They also came over the ice sole and slid over the same. However, instead of coming toward our camp they noticed as they waved hands to us from across the canyon, they went farther on a round-a-bout way, and we eventually met them on the road to the main camp. They were then in an auto on the way to the city of Castle Rock and were then a mile from our base camp at Spirit Lake. They were kind enough to pick up the packs of the rear part of our party and bring them to camp, much to our relief.

Arriving at camp near the Lake we proceeded to prepare a community supper. Some enjoyed bathing in the lake and a general clean-up was in order.

We also inspected the holes in the ground near this camp. It seems that a forest of medium sized trees was in existence before the last eruption of the volcano and these trees were covered with ashes and cinders of pumice stone. The trees afterward rotted away or burned during the eruption, leaving in many cases holes in the ground. I venture to say that Spirit Lake was formed during this last upheaval by the lava and cinders blocking a mountain pass.

At this camp we also noticed and spoke to three men who were prospecting for metal in the mountains between Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Rainier. They showed us some ore that contained gold and platinum, also some ore that looked very promising, but was of no value whatever. They hope to make a big strike some day.

That night everyone slept sound and yours truly was awakened from a sound slumber when the sun shone brightly over the tree tops.

We now had breakfast and packed for the return trip which was started about 8 o'clock. We were apprehensive for fear our gasoline supply should not last, but expected to meet the gasoline supply truck on the road. However after traveling about twenty miles we were stalled in the middle of the road for lack of the necessary fluid. Fortunately we were within a mile of St. Helens post-office.

A volunteer crew went scouting for gasoline and was fortunate enough to obtain five gallons at this place. This was enough to get us to Silver Lake where we obtained more. So this brought us out of the woods. A stop was made at Kelsó for supper (we had eaten noon day lunch in the woods when we were scouting for gasoline).

By now all felt in good spirits. The Legend on the sides of our truck was now changed to read:" TO THE TOP OF MT. ST. HELENS, 10,000 FEET HIGH. DID WE GET THERE? YOU BET WE DID!!"

An uneventful return trip through Longview, over the Columbia, through the city of Rainier, Bradley Park, etc., brought us home about 9 o'clock P. M., thus ending another successful trip of the Angora Hiking Club.

Since coming home I have read much about the mountain apes, gorillas, wild men, Indians, etc., supposed to be found recently at Mt. St. Helens district.

I do concur in the opinion that they are in existance. However they are in the form of gigantic rock and ice bowlders of phantastic shape on all sides of the mountain, and are the fabled mountain gods, witches and goblins. The weird noises are the winds howling through the rocks and ice crevasses. The beating on their breasts, etc., are the cracking of ice movements.

Rocks and bowlders are hurled too and will hit your cabin, your camping place and yourself if you are not careful and happen to be in the way.

I do now believe that the weird howling heard during the night in our Rock and Rill Camp on the mountain side came from the "Ape Man" to our right, the one we noticed while ascending the mountain and the one described by me as fighting the ice bowlders.

But who is afraid—forget it!! Mt. Rainier next! !

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